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THE BYSTANDER April 24, 1940.

The BYSTANDER

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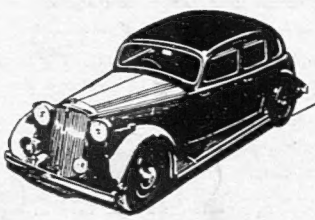

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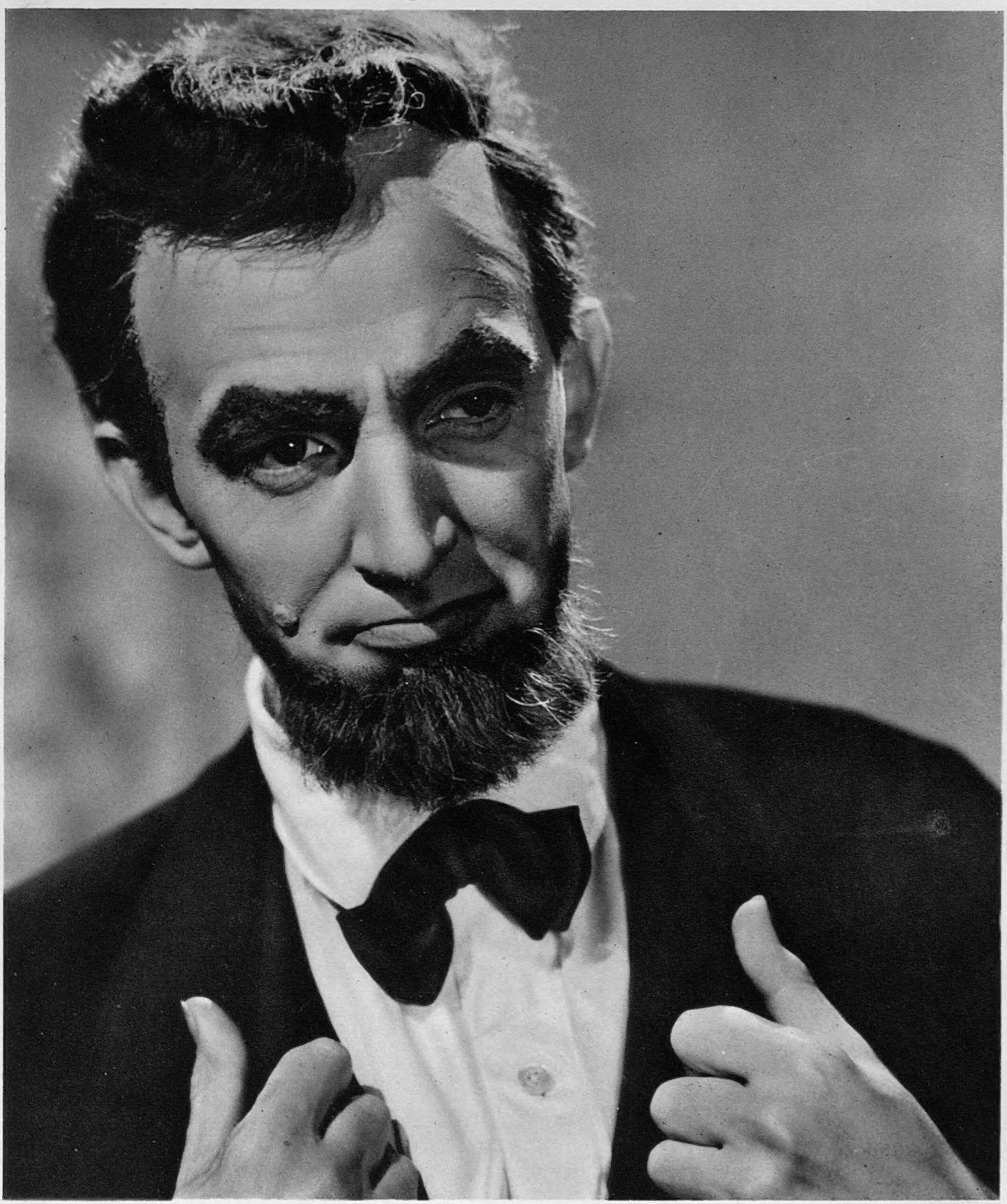
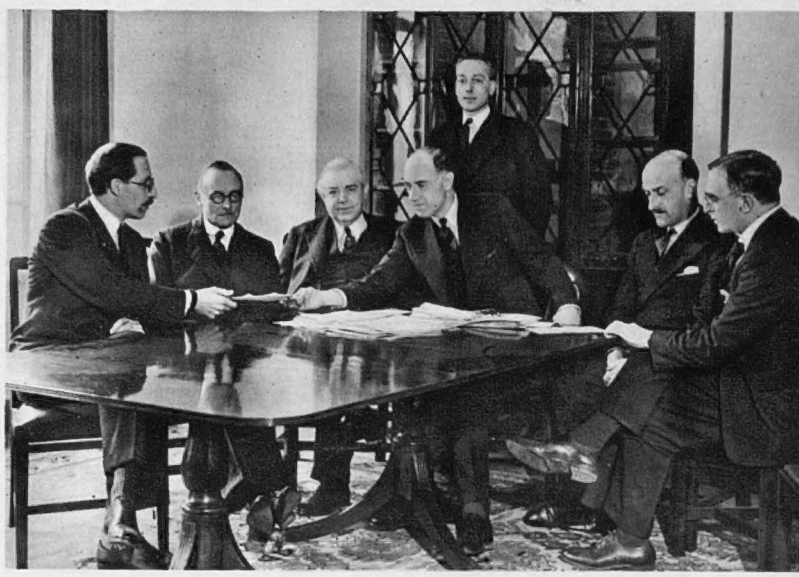


Angus McBean

Stephen Murray as Abraham Lincoln

The London Mask Theatre has done well to put on *Abraham Lincoln* at the Westminster at this moment. First, because line after line, speech after speech in John Drinkwater's play express the thoughts and arguments of to-day, about war, about the necessity and the time for meeting aggression with force, about reprisals, peace terms, post-war reconstruction. Then because the ideals, actions and fine, plain speaking of Lincoln, as they live in America in 1940, and especially in the person of President Roosevelt, are of vital importance to us in England. Next, because Abraham Lincoln is dramatically in the news, with Raymond Massey's much-praised characterisation also to be seen in the film, *Spirit of the People*. Finally, because in Stephen Murray, a young actor of twenty-seven, there is available in the Westminster company a superb Lincoln. His physical likeness is an astonishing study in make-up and expression; his performance has a power, dignity and integrity worthy of a fine play and of the great man it portrays

Safe-conduct *through Germany was accorded to the British Minister in Denmark and his family and staff. Mr. Charles Howard Smith, the Minister, only appointed last year to the post from which he has been so violently displaced, is seen on his arrival in England with Mrs. Howard Smith and their children, Jane, Gerald and Frances. It was a lucky escape, as first reports gave rise to the belief that the Germans were liable to disregard this, as other, normal rules of diplomatic procedure. Before his appointment Mr. Howard Smith, who is an old Wykehamist, was Assistant Under-Secretary in the Foreign Office*



Sales *of British goods in the Balkans are to be stepped up by the efforts of the Government-created United Kingdom Commercial Corporation (name changed from English Commercial Corporation in deference to a storm from Scotland), our tardy reply to Germany's often peculiar, always high-pressure trading methods. Directors of the new company, here at the initial board-meeting, are: J. H. Hambro, G. St. Q. Beasley, A. Chester Beatty, Lord Swinton, the chairman, C. P. Lister, and F. H. Nixon, general manager of the Export Credits Guarantee Department. Behind stands the secretary, G. H. Gunson*

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Italian Press continues day by day its violent attacks upon the Allies. In themselves these attacks are comic, of course. The Italian headlines were screaming that the Allies had lost command of the sea on the very day after the victory of Narvik Bay and the mining of the German coast. But the spirit behind the attacks is rather disquieting. A powerful counterweight, however, is the *Osservatore Romano*, the Vatican's newspaper, which alone tells the truth about Scandinavia. Mr. Churchill, by the way, casually mentioned in his speech last week that the Allied Navies are strong enough to carry on all their operations in the North Sea and have enough left over to maintain control of the Mediterranean.

BUT whatever may be the reason for the outbursts of the Italian Press, there seems to be no doubt that the general public in Italy is neither pro-war nor pro-German. The Catholic population has listened to the thunderings of the Vatican against the German atrocities in Poland, and there is always the possibility in the background that whoever is allied to Germany may suddenly find himself allied to Russia, too. Big business in Italy is anti-war, and the Italian High Command knows as much about petrol and coal and the Suez Canal as their neighbour.

IT must, however, be admitted that, in these days, neither public opinion nor economic necessity nor strategic principles are allowed to weigh against the personal whim of the dictators. By the time these words appear in print, anything may have happened in the Mediterranean, and the war may have been abruptly extended. It is, of course, possible that the sudden anti-Ally attitude of Italy may be the maximum assistance which Signor Mussolini promised Herr Hitler at the meeting at the Brenner Pass. Signor Mussolini may have said, in effect, "I won't help you by declaring war, but I will help you by rattling the sabre to frighten the neutrals."

ON the other hand, he may have said—and this is the view of pessimists—"If you can harass the British North Sea Fleet to such an extent that they have to withdraw ships from the Mediterranean, then I will come in on your side." If this second view is correct, then the strategy of the scheme fell down with a thud as soon as the naval operations in the North Sea made it clear that, so far from the North Sea wanting reinforcements from the Mediterranean, the boot might be on the other foot. With more than a third of the German Navy smashed to bits at the cost to the Allies of four destroyers, the naval position has taken on a markedly new aspect.

THE *Daily Telegraph* published a few days ago "from a Special Correspondent" an article describing how Oslo was betrayed from within. It was an astounding story. The Norwegians accepted bogus telegrams in a way that would have been booed off the stage in a third-rate melodrama, and when the German troops—only fifteen hundred all told—marched into Oslo not a soul moved. Interested crowds thronged the streets, and the young men made no attempt to fly from the town in order to enlist. The article was one of the most brilliant bits of journalism I have ever read. But it did not throw much credit upon the population of Oslo or upon Norway's officials and commanders.

JAPAN is beginning to edge politely into honourable frosted limelight. Her "great experiment" (see *The Times*) in China having drifted into a tidy little jam, honourable experimenters in Tokyo are looking out for fresh fields, and are finding that the Dutch East Indies look pretty good. If Holland is invaded by Germany, the Japanese are suggesting that it might be a good plan for them to annex the enormously rich Netherland Indies.

THE authorities are getting seriously alarmed at the scale on which money and food are being sent from this country to Germany by charitable folk whose hearts are as soft as their heads. Many kindly disposed people and institutions are sending supplies, via the neutral countries, to individuals in Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland, and, of course, every penny and every ounce of food goes straight into Germany. Actually these people and these institutions are liable to prosecution for trading with the enemy, and it is high time that one of them was prosecuted as a warning to the rest.

AND let me point out, while I am on this subject of charitable people who have money and food to spare, that there are two and a half million French refugees in the south-west of France who are living in a state of destitution and discomfort. They are the evacuees from the area of the Maginot Line, and

from all accounts their condition is pitiable. Many thousands of them from the neighbourhood of Strasbourg cannot even talk French, and are looked upon by their hosts in Gascony with profound and natural suspicion. If anyone has money to spare, why not send it to the destitute refugees of our Allies rather than to the pockets of the Nazis ?

THE police system of timing the speed of motor-cars in the black-out is not at all satisfactory. The police drop in on the tail of the suspected car and time it by the speed of their own car as shown on their illuminated speedometer. The accused driver has no means of refuting any charge that may be made against him, because he is forbidden by law to illuminate his own speedometer. Incidentally, it is a physical impossibility to check accurately the speed of a car in front by the speedometer of the car behind. If the car behind gains four yards on the car in front in one second, it means an addition of more than seven miles an hour on the recorded speed of the car behind. In other words, the whole thing is guess-work.

MR. SILKIN, M.P., has raised in the House of Commons the matter of the buses of the London Passenger Transport Board which deliberately refuse to stop at Request Stops during the black-out. I hope Captain Wallace, the Minister of Transport, will do something about this habit of the bus-drivers, which is steadily on the increase.

ALL political parties are becoming seriously worried about the use to which the country's man-power and woman-power is being put. When every available person in Germany—plus tens of thousands of Poles, Czechs, and Slovaks—is pressed into the service of the military machine, we have still more than a million unemployed. It is a fantastic situation, and nothing drastic seems to be being done about it.

ANOTHER question which is gradually being brought to the attention of the House of Commons is the increased charges of the electricity companies. Naturally no one likes to breathe the unpleasant word "profiteering," but the sudden rise in electricity charges in some parts of the country must be in the neighbourhood of three hundred per cent., which, all will agree, is a very nice little rise indeed. One friend of mine, whose average bill for the first quarter of the year was in the neighbourhood of ten pounds, was suddenly faced with a demand for sixty-three pounds. The end has not yet been heard of all this.

BLOOMSBURY HOUSE, the headquarters of the Movement for the Care of Children from Germany, has just issued its first Annual Report, and very interesting reading it makes. It is, in fact, a rather impressive story. Up to the outbreak of war, the Movement had succeeded in bringing over about 10,000 children, and settling them in private houses, camps, hostels, training-centres and other institutions. More than 6000 of them are in the care of guarantors who have undertaken to be responsible for their education.

THIS week's red-hot news from the Ministry of Information. The latest issue of the Ministry's bulletin, *Noteworthy*, begins with the words, "The First Sea Lord, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound, is unquestionably a man of the sea."

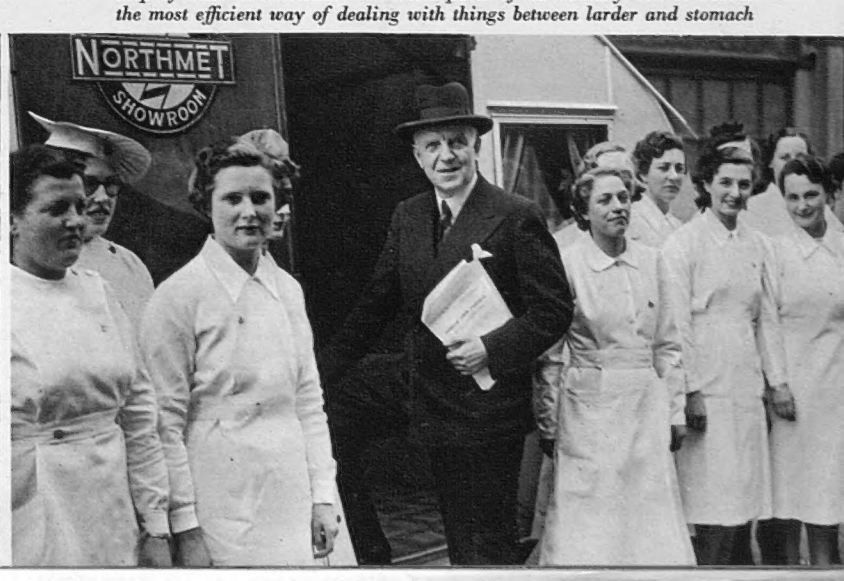
THIS week's competition: name the journalist who wrote the following:

Flowers are live things, and it seems to me always that they have an individuality of their own, just like men and women. Some seem to smile; some have a sad expression; some are pensive and diffident; others again are plain, honest and upright, like the broad-faced sunflower and the hollyhock.

No, you're all wrong; it was Lord Castlerosse.

Thrift *is the topical watchword of an exhibition being held by the W.V.S. at 23, Belgrave Square, which was visited last week by the Queen. Her Majesty is seen above inspecting with Mrs. William Aitken an assortment of pots, pans and other old iron so useless in the household except for throwing at the neighbourhood cats, so useful as the raw material of guns and shells. Mrs. Aitken was Penelope Maffey, is the daughter of Sir John Maffey, the United Kingdom's popular representative in Eire*

Civilian Front *is the title of the current exhibition arranged by the London Passenger Transport Board at Charing Cross Underground station. The show, which was opened by Mr. Herbert Morrison, Chairman of the L.C.C., seen below with Lord Ashfield, Chairman of the L.P.T.B., deals with A.R.P. and all the multifarious activities necessary on the Home Front to deal with the menace of total war. If Germany were to start bombing the civilians of this country, said Mr. Morrison, public opinion would insist that we reply in kind*



Cooking *becomes more important as things to cook become scarcer and more expensive. So a vital part of the National Food campaign is education in how to make the most of the least when you get it in the kitchen, and Lord Woolton, Minister of Food, when inaugurating the electrical industry's food crusade at the Connaught Rooms, took a keen interest in a "Flying Squad" cookery demonstration car. With the help of these householders in remote parts of the country can be shown the most efficient way of dealing with things between larder and stomach*

Gielgud's "King Lear"

A Big First Night at the Old Vic

Seventy-four Years at the Old Vic

Mrs. Gwendolen Jefferson

The staff at the Old Vic is as faithful as its patrons. In the box-office Dolly Adams can claim sixteen years' service, W. J. Townsend thirty-one, and Mrs. Clark twenty-seven

Mrs. Jefferson (left) is an inveterate Gielgud first-nighter. Her first visit to America in 1936 was made especially to see him in "Hamlet"

Below: Frank and Kate Gielgud (she was a Terry-Lewis) went to see their son play Lear for the second time in his career. The first time was at Sadler's Wells in 1931. Gielgud made his stage debut at the Vic nineteen years ago

Fay Compton and Mr. and Mrs. Tyrone Guthrie

The Director of the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells, Tyrone Guthrie, and his wife went to Fay Compton's flower- and telegram-filled dressing-room to congratulate her on her "softly malevolent Regan" ("The Times"). Her sisters are Cathleen Nesbitt as Goneril, Jessica Tandy as Cordelia

John Gielgud Shows His Parents the Wig He Wears as King Lear

Mr. and Mrs.

Lady Herbert and Viscount Hambleden

Lord Hambleden, a Governor of the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells and an enthusiastic patron of the arts, sat next Lady Herbert, wife of Lord Pembroke's son

Ann Todd with Her Husband, Flt.-Lt. Nigel Tangye

Nigel Tangye, well-known civil aviator and aeronautical journalist, married Ann Todd six months ago. They met at Denham, when he was aviation consultant for, she starring in, "Things to Come"

The Important Part of the Audience — Gallery and Pit

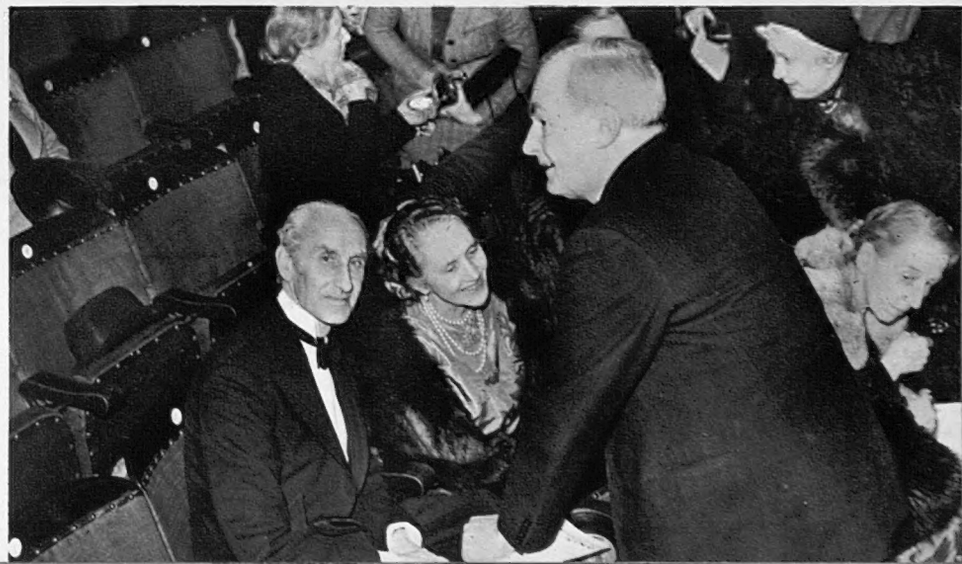
It is the gallery and the pit regulars who passionately love their Old Vic, who make every first night there a real theatrical occasion, who greet their favourites on the stage and in the stalls with a proprietary applause different to any other, for whom, in fact, the finest actors and actresses of the day will leave the West End for the Waterloo Road, to play in the great classical repertoire of the theatre

Emlyn Williams

Left: actor-author Emlyn Williams, whose play, "The Light of Heart," at the Apollo, is one of the successes of the moment, went with his wife. He acted with Gielgud in 1937 in "He Was Born Gay," an ill-fated play he wrote about the Dauphin, son of Louis XVI.

Right: the Chairman of the Old Vic, Lord Lytton, was in the stalls, and talking to him and his wife was one of the Governors and the best-known first-nighter in London, "Eddie" Marsh

The Earl and Countess of Lytton and Sir Edward Marsh



Entente: Maurice Chevalier and Gracie Fields

Gracie Fields (Mrs. Monty Banks since a week or two ago) topped the British side of the cast list for the Anglo-French gala at the Paris Opéra last week, and Maurice Chevalier led the French stars. The French President and M. Reynaud and the British Ambassador in Paris headed the gala audience. The 3000 seats were sold at 200 francs each in aid of the Foyers Franco-Britannique. Gracie Fields makes her first reappearance in London on May 5th in the Variety Artists' Benevolent Fund show at the Palladium

Likeness: Sir Robert Peel, His Mother, His Portrait

Beatrice Lillie's nineteen-year-old son, Sir Robert Peel, Bt., is having his portrait painted by William Gaunt, the Yorkshire artist. His mother and his grandmother, Mrs. Lillie (left), went along to Mr. Gaunt's studio one morning to see how the picture was getting on. The artist is standing behind Miss Lillie

Judy Campbell and her young brother John were celebrating after the first night of Eric Maschwitz's new revue, "New Faces," at the Comedy. Most of the players have faces new to London audiences, including Miss Campbell, who has had a big success as star of the show

New Face: Judy

People in the News

"Arabesques": a Lee-Elliott Show at Sadler's Wells

At the top, Elizabeth Cowell is talking to Theyre Lee-Elliott, whose exhibition of ballet pictures opened last Wednesday at Sadler's Wells. He is giving fifty per cent. of sales to the Depot for Knitted Garments for the Royal Navy. Below, at the opening party, are Felicity Watt, a member of the London Ballet Company, and Frederick Ashton, Sadler's Wells choregrapher and dancer. His new ballet, "The Wise and the Foolish Virgins," has its premiere to-night

Telephonist: Mary Gordon Finlayson

General Sir Robert and Lady Gordon Finlayson's daughter is telephone operator at London regional headquarters of the Central Hospital Supply Service. Her mother is regional officer for London. Her father is Adjutant-General, was in the news last week when he opened the recruiting campaign for the Auxiliary Military Pioneer Corps

Blue Pencil: Jack Warner Gets One for "My Brother Sid"

Campbell and Her Brother

Jack Hylton, Jack Warner, Dolly Elsie and Richard ("Stinker") Murdoch were off to France to play for the troops. Garrison Theatre radio fans will know why Miss Elsie gave Mr. Warner a blue pencil for "my brother Sid" to write letters home with. Mr. Hylton's band played at the Paris gala at which Gracie Fields appeared

Mary Churchill (below) won an event at the Scamperdale Pony Show at Edenbridge, riding Mrs. A. L. Thomson's Patsy. She is the youngest and debutante daughter of the First Lord of the Admiralty

Horsewoman: Mary Churchill

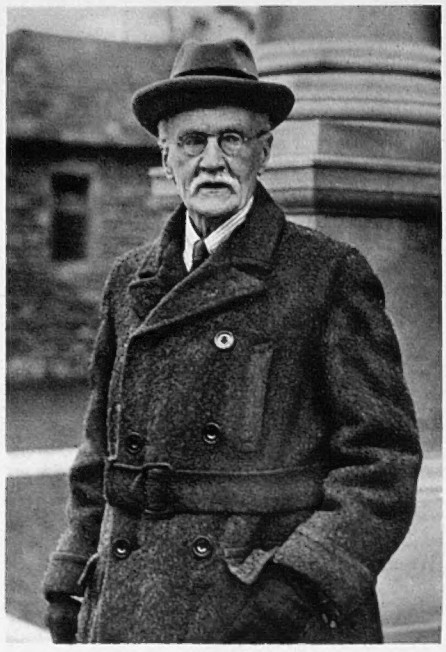
Matinée: Five Programme Sellers at Princes

Mrs. Patrick Smyly, Mrs. Anthony Stocker, Viola Stocker, Mrs. Jack Lotinga, and Ladybird Stocker sold programmes at the matinée of "Shephard's Pie" in aid of the Finland Fund last week. Mrs. Smyly was Diana Mills, Mrs. Stocker was Peta Davis, Mrs. Lotinga is Sir Shenton Thomas's daughter. Viola and Ladybird Stocker are Mrs. Stocker's sisters-in-law

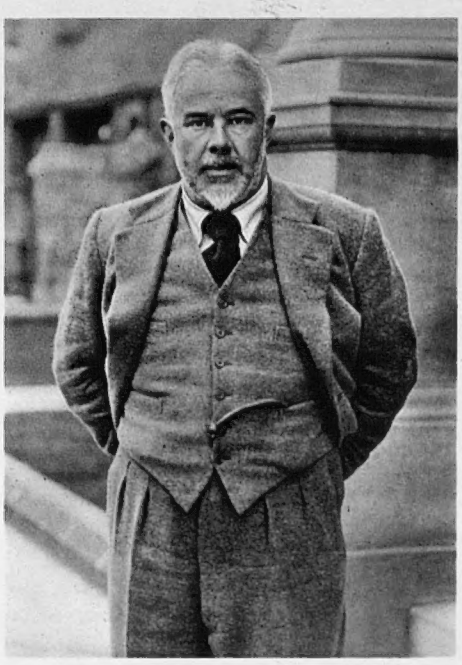
Horseman: Dr. Jack Lovelock

Jack Lovelock, the Olympic runner, is also a horseman, rode Mr. Leslie Cramer's Grantham in the Old Berkeley hunter trials at Great Westwood. Dr. Lovelock works at St. Mary's Hospital

Peace-planning *was attempted in a lecture at the Oxford Conference by Don Salvador de Madariaga, former Spanish delegate to the League of Nations and Ambassador successively in the United States and France. Apart from his work for his country and for peace, Don Salvador is a journalist and a distinguished littérateur*



Inaugural speaker *Professor Gilbert Murray is equally well known for his lively translations of Euripides and for his consistent and able peace advocacy. He is, fittingly, chairman of the Council for Education in World Citizenship, under whose auspices the conference was held. The subject of his address was "World Citizenship"*

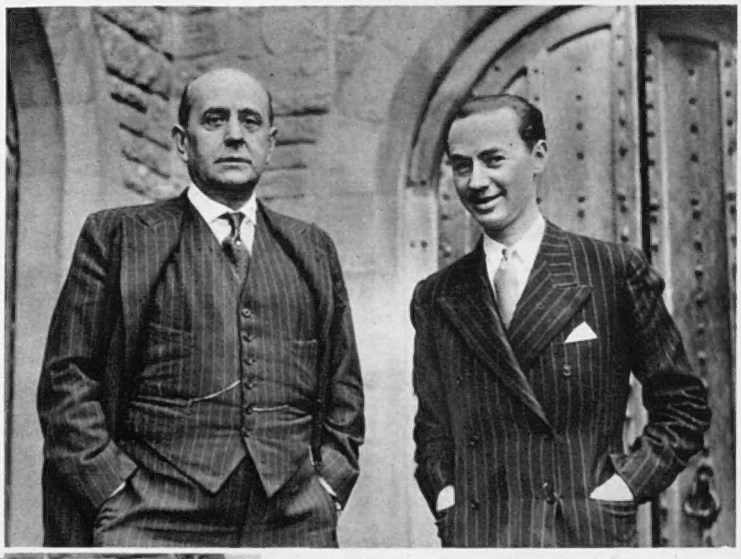


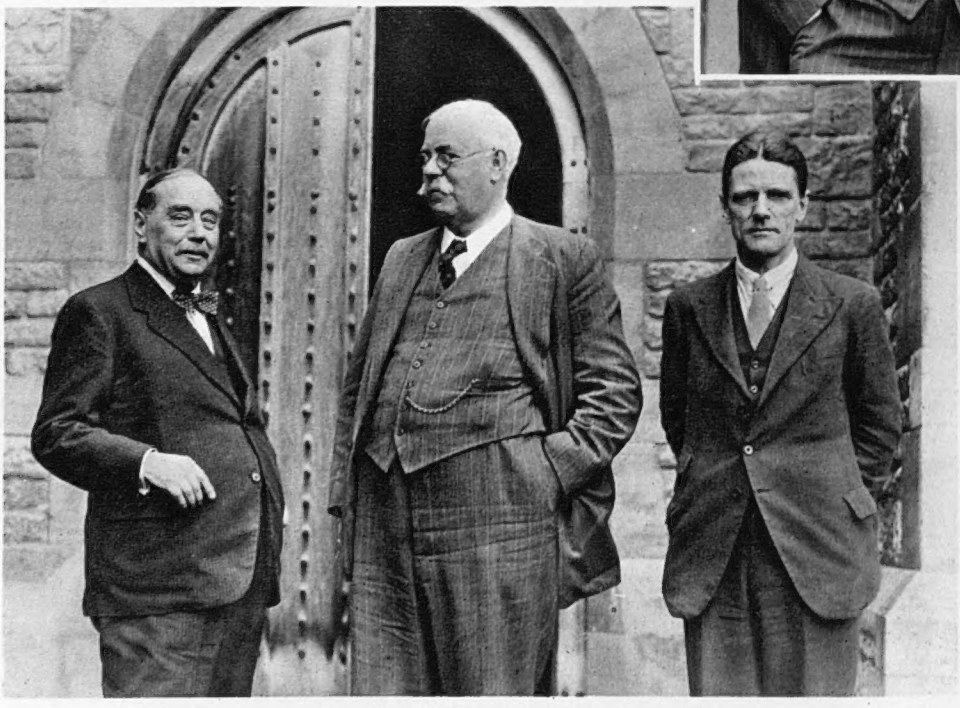
Federal Union *is one of the most widely canvassed of the solutions to "these late eclipses," and was propounded by Professor C. E. M. Joad, Head of the Department of Philosophy and Psychology at Birkbeck College, London. "Hating Hitler," said Professor Joad, "is not enough. We need a positive plan for the reconstruction of the world"*

Citizen of the World

An Oxford Conference Plans Peace

Goldsmith's citizen was a désorienté Chinese, but in these strife-torn days when the world has been made at the same time (and possibly by the same process) geographically intra-accessible as a unit and politically split into watertight boxes, there are many movements afoot to plan a peace after this war that will make the ordinary man a true citizen of the world. Last week in Oxford, "Problems of Education To-day in Relation to World Settlement After the War" were discussed under the auspices of the Council for Education in World Citizenship, and many distinguished speakers and writers perhaps brought the vision of eventual world citizenship a thought nearer reality





Avoiding Versailles*—at least in so far as that unhappy settlement can be said to have contributed to the inception of the second German war—was a prime concern of the conference, and speakers on "Some Guiding Principles for the next Peace Settlement" included, besides Madariaga, Mr. Jan Masaryk, C.B.E., son of the Czech liberator and first President, and M. Naheu, Chief Representative in Great Britain of the French Ministry of Information*

Feeble, futile and insufficient, *in the opinion of Mr. H. G. Wells, is modern education. Speaking on "The Teaching of World Unity," Mr. Wells, here with Professor A. Ferguson, General Secretary of the British Association, and Mr. M. L. Jacks, Director of the Department of Education in the University of Oxford, claimed that this was not a war between different ideologies—there was only one world system, and it was breaking down*

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

NEARLY twelve thousand more meals were served last year in the House of Commons dining-rooms than in 1938, we notice. This shows that legislating in wartime, with the overtime entailed, makes the boys peckish, if not particular. It 's some time since we ate in those soapy-scented fake-Gothic halls, the last M.P. who asked us to dinner having passed quickly on to suggest a restaurant ; but so far as we vaguely remember the previous occasions we never noticed the food at all, being overcome by the glamour of all those strikingly noble pans, fired with pure selfless devotion to an ideal and glowing with patriotic energy and intelligence, browsing and sluicing all round. The mighty spirits of Walpole, Pitt, Disraeli, and Gladstone seemed to brood over our chop and bitter, and maybe that is what makes some M.P.s lunch and dine elsewhere whenever possible. What we do remember very clearly on another occasion, however, is being taken into the Commons for a drink late one summer night, long after the pubs were shut, and hearing the giggles of certain legislators lounging on the Terrace as they commented on that pleasing fact, sipping their whisky, pitying the saps, and feeling on top of the world. And we will say that tea on the Terrace is, or was, all it was cracked up to be, though it has long ceased to be the fashionable function it was in the Edwardian era, when the strawberries-and-cream had a special magic flavour, by all accounts, and you could hardly stir your tea without jabbing some duchess, or Lord Salisbury. Still, on a clear summer afternoon a little time ago the Terrace at teatime still kept a certain mystical and even exciting atmosphere. To be handed a slice of chain-store cake by a chap who was going straight back to deprive you by law the same evening of some harmless liberty or other was an experience worth having. There was generally a clump of Dominion or foreign visitors, shepherded by some fussing M.P. and gazing owlishly at the merry scene ; sometimes a small glowering deputation from the country, whose representative had not been able to slip away in time undetected and beat it like hell for his club ; sometimes a tiny group of cowed but rosy schoolgirls, future mothers of the Race (though an M.P. once told us he doubted if their children would be terribly interesting) ; here and there a stern cluster of politically-minded women, their minds, one hoped, more orderly than their hair. A microcosm, so to speak, of the machinery of Empire, a back-stage glimpse.

Apropos, we haven't stopped laughing yet at Slogger A. P. Herbert M.P.'s latest crack, made at Bath (of all places) : " The big simple justification for Parliament and Press is that they are strong, permanent, and, on the whole, truthful mirrors of the thoughts and feelings of the people." That boy will be the death of us.

" Any advance on two meat coupons? "

" It 's a photo of his wife, Pierre, it stops him feeling homesick "

Gaffe

ON the quayside at Stavanger, one of the first Norwegian ports grabbed by the Nazis, stands a large statue on a high pedestal facing the Fjord. Stavanger being the principal place from which the Vikings launched their fearsome longboats over the gannet-bath (" with a long sweep from Stavanger ") to terrify the Western world, it is only natural that this statue should be garbed in nineteenth-century top-hat, trousers, and long overcoat, representing some Viking whose name escapes us, unless it 's Daddy Ibsen in the act of meditating a tense new drama involving a provincial drain-pipe contract. It is thus comforting to perceive that although the Scandinavians have many more telephones per head than we have, and are thus more highly civilised (as 95 per cent. of Fleet Street has pointed out), they take the same old ignoble tumble when public statues are concerned. We 're not particularly *aficionado* of the Vikings, who, however Nordic-minded Oxford professors try to idealise them, were stinking blue-eyed savages, but you 'd naturally expect to find a glorified Viking—winged helmet, flowing gold locks, cross-garters and all—dominating Stavanger Fjord, if anybody, wouldn't you ? Not so ; the Norwegians have the same old dog-trouble as us all, and they can fittingly shake hands or feet with those far-off blockish grutnols who put up that bronze frock-coated Radical politician in the square at Dijon, the once-proud capital of the splendid Dukes of Burgundy.

Having pondered in this page before on the odious imaginings of those responsible for ordering, designing, erecting, and unveiling the grotesques one sees in every town all over the civilised globe, we needn't go into the matter again, except to remind you that Max Beerbohm's simple, admirable plan is still universally ignored. Mr. Beerbohm has suggested public veiling ceremonies for our more monstrous public statues. This would be cheaper and less noisy than formally blowing them up. An alternative or B-Plan occurs to us, namely the removal and grouping of the worst statues all together in one public space or garden, which would become thereby a lair of bestial, a park of horror, and a warning to posterity. If we only thought you cared ! It 's driving us crazy. If we only thought you *cared* !

Trove

AS the scrap-iron drive progresses Whitehall might profitably turn its attention to Arcadia. The English countryside is full of those lovely crystal, purling, babbling brooks which have moved our leading poetry boys to song, and 90 per cent. of them are more or less full of old iron ; for whenever the merry peasant has a crystal, etc., brook within arm's-length of his cottage, he instinctively

chucks into it all the waste ironmongery and refuse he can lay hands on—pots, pans, salmon-tins, oil-cans, lamps, sacking, iron bedsteads (taken carefully to pieces and chucked in, apparently, bit by bit), broken stoves, bones, tin baths, fenders, beer bottles, mouse-traps, medicine bottles, old boots, bird-cages, firegrates, locks, bolts, bars, bicycle wheels, scythe-blades, and what-have-you. A chap we know who has just taken and restored a remote week-end cottage in the South with a brook purling musically through the garden, says that Sir Leonard Woolley's account of the excavations at Ur palpably understates the difficulties and excitements of unearthing a lost civilisation, he himself being engaged with a hired man in digging out riparian strata dating from the present day back to about 1850, so far as he has got. Half an elastic boot, authentic, female, of this period, turned up last week in the bed of a tiny creek overhung by wild damson trees—judge whether the excavators cheered! Our friend hopes soon to come across a human skeleton or two of the 1830's, his theory being that murder as a folk-pastime in the English countryside reached a peak soon after Stephenson invented the Rocket, the peasant being under the erroneous impression (like Alfred Lord Tennyson, to some extent) that steam had ushered in a new era of joy, freedom, and plenitude. Alas for the recurring illusions of man!

As we foresaw, many villages are gladly disembarrassing themselves of German trophy guns from the last war, one of which was sold to scrap contractors for five shillings the other day. The ringing speeches of the Squire and the Vicar when the trophy was formally erected opposite the Blue Boar in 1919 are, one trusts, still preserved in manuscript; they 'll come in handy again some time, no doubt.

Backlash

You don't expect to find what we journalist boys call a Human Story in Emergency Report No. 1 of the Medical Research Council of the Industrial Health Research Board (known to its many friends as "Little Annie Rooney"), but we detect a familiar one in a note on fatigue conditions. "The irritability of a director," says the report, "can be passed down from grade to grade till the workers, in ignorance of the initial cause, receive the backlash." This is a common enough City situation. Every other day some flame-eyed mogul returns from lunch with a touch of dyspepsia, scattering terror, desolation, and death among his trembling serfs. Every other Monday some purple emperor who has been deceived or turned down by some blonde goes raging through his departments, firing slaves right and left. Gross over-indulgence and bestial egotism are the reason most directors get this way, and with rather absurd delicacy the M.R.C. report avoids referring to what everybody in the business racket knows. Or is it lack of courage? We used to know a ruler of our modern world who in a Napoleonic moment, as happens to such periodically, would seize some restaurant dish he did not like and hurl it furiously on the floor. Not one of his guests had the guts to say: "Why this childishness, fool? Do you not know that you are but clay?" One always hopes on such occasions that one of the sorely-tried waiters will turn and hurl a nice hot sticky dish of something (say lobster Newburg) at the tyrant, but we 've never seen this bit of ordinary human justice fulfilled. But from what we hear, waiters have other, subtler ways of getting back at their oppressors. We wouldn't even begin to tell you what some of these are.

Our quarrel with the Medical Research boys, therefore, is that they know what Big Business men are but haven't the courage to rebuke them. Or maybe we 're wrong, and a tremendous Emergency Report No. 2 is in preparation already, beginning "As to the *moral* aspect of the irritability of directors, mentioned already in E.R. No. 1, these rats "(etc., etc.).

Doom

Thousands more tons of chalk cliff have fallen recently at Dover, reminding the thoughtful of that geologist's laughing remark some time ago that Great Britain is slowly but surely sinking back into the sea. It was this expert who pointed out that Julius Cæsar and his men would scarcely recognise the cliffs of Dover in their present state, to begin with. When the galleys of the Legions rode under those cliffs preparatory to landing, the troops had to crane up at a neck-ricking angle to glimpse the noggins of the natives peering over, as high above them as the top of Bush House from the Strand pavement; and even then first impressions were not particularly favourable, one gathers. Not long afterwards the sea swallowed Dunwich and Lyonesse and the Roman palaces off Selsey Bill, and is still chewing the East Coast away with steady relish. In another thousand years, according to this geologist, sailors may be "feeling" Ben Nevis under their keels, just as they now "feel" the Varne, that high hill which nearly pokes up its head halfway across the English Channel. Our compensation, we think, will be the marvellous legends that will soon rise about the Lost Race; the godlike beauty of its men, their bowler hats of pure gold, their chryselephantine umbrellas; the breath-taking loveliness of their women, each a Helen mingled with an Aphrodite; the glory of the palaces they lived in; the majesty of their thought.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Pay no attention—he's probably a spy"

More Fragments From France: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Oh, yes, we've had one casualty since we took over this part of the line. Feller on leave — hit by a bomb-splinter, watching a raid on the Firth of Forth"

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

Girl bride and justifiable murderer: Mr. and Mrs. Maxim de Winter (Owen Nares and Celia Johnson)

"Rebecca" (Queen's)

MISS DAPHNE DU MAURIER'S dramatisation of her best-seller brings to light affinities with *His House in Order*, which took the town by storm thirty-five years ago. Both plays deal with second marriages. In both the husband brings back his second wife to a household dominated by the memory of his first. In both her intrusion is resented as an insult to the angelic dead. In both she finds herself a cipher in her own home. In both, too, the big surprise comes when it is revealed that the first wife, though she may be an angel in heaven, was certainly no angel on earth. Rebecca, in Miss du Maurier's play, was, indeed, such a bad hat that it may be as well she does not appear, since to have been seen would, one feels, not improbably have been to be disbelieved. Not that we believe all we do see in this play. But brooding atmosphere and strong drama are the business of the night, and both of these, for two acts out of three, the authoress achieves.

THERE is, for example, strong drama in the scene where young Mrs. de Winter, instigated by that inimical housekeeper, Mrs. Danvers, puts on an ancestral dress in the hope of delighting her Brontë-esque husband, only to find that she has inflamed an old sore. Impressively as Miss Margaret Rutherford's housekeeper looms and bodes, we feel that this trick is being played not because it would be played, but because it makes a powerful scene. And when situation gives a double-knock at the door, sympathy flies out of the window. How much better, because how much simpler and truer, is the episode in the first act when the heroine, already under a cloud, breaks a valuable vase in the home of which she has just become mistress, and hasn't the face to admit it to her own servants. Here there is no sinister romantic hocus-pocus. Here there is no effort of preparation. And here we are instantly moved.

IT is good to see Miss Celia Johnson again, for she plays this part, as she plays all parts, with a sensitive delicacy that is incapable of error. I cannot remember ever to have seen this highly intelligent and deeply responsive actress make a mistake on the stage. Miss Rutherford, as I have indicated, is first-rate; the rest of the company, from Mr. Owen Nares downward, competent enough. Far more than competent is the direction of Mr. George Devine, who strikes me as the producer all managers should now be clamouring for. Only an artist could have placed Miss Rutherford just where he does for the telling of her story on the staircase, with Miss Johnson just where she is below. Or could have given us the subtle sound of the dresses in the ballroom off-stage as he does. Or could have contrived the fleeting glimpses he gives us of servants in passages and corridors with such brilliant effect. All with impeccable assistance from Mr. Roger Furse, whose set could not be bettered.

Sketches by Rouson

Staff of long standing: Frith (Douglas Jefferies) and Mrs. Danvers (Margaret Rutherford)

Blackmail with a smile and a drink: Jack Favell (Ronald Ward)

Sympathetic onlookers: Frank Crawley (Raymond Huntley) and Colonel Julyan (C. V. France)

"The Jersey Lily"

A play about Lily Langtry at the Gate Theatre

Lady Bartlett helps Hermione Hannen choose the jewellery used for her representation of Mrs. Langtry. Mary Malcolm that was (now Lady Bartlett, wife of the author of the play) is on the stage and uses her maiden name. Her mother was the daughter of Edward and Lily Langtry

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Hermione Hannen makes up for the name part in "The Jersey Lily." She is the daughter of actor Nicholas Hannen, now playing Gloucester to John Gielgud's King Lear at the Old Vic

The Gate Theatre company returned to their home in Villiers Street, and the section of the Auxiliary Fire Service that had taken over when war started left a few weeks ago. The first war-time production of Norman Marshall's intelligent and progressive theatre is *The Jersey Lily*, a play which deals with the private life of Lily Langtry, the famous Edwardian beauty. Hermione Hannen plays "the loveliest woman in London" with grace, and the settings and costumes by J. Gower Parks are charmingly to period. The author, Sir Basil Bartlett, adapted *Asmodée* (which went to the West End as *The Intruder*) from the French and gave London one of last year's most intellectually exciting productions. The Gate is doing three plays in its short season, the others being Jean Cocteau's *Les Parents Terribles*, which was a 1938 sensation in Paris, was banned but later became a great success at the Bouffes-Parisiens; and a new play by Reginald Beckwith, *Boys in Brown*, dealing with life in a Borstal institution

***Lennie** (Lon Chaney, Junior), the moron who does not know his own strength, is disconsolate because he has lost himself and his friend and self-appointed guardian, George (Burgess Meredith), yet another job*

***George and Lennie** manage to get taken on at a ranch, but George foresees trouble from Mae, the wife of the boss's son*

"Of Mice and Men"

United Artists' Film of the Steinbeck Book and Play is at the Odeon, Leicester Square

***Candy** (Roman Bohnen) looks after Lennie when George is away and takes him to the saddlery-room of the old negro hand. Roman Bohnen acts most beautifully the moving incident when his beloved old dog has to be shot*

***Mae** cannot resist exercising her charm on Lennie. She lets him fondle her hair and the uncontrollable urge overwhelms him. He tugs at it, she screams, he panics, covers her mouth with his great hand and kills her*

***Curley** (Bob Steele), the boss's son, is rabidly jealous of his faithless wife. He takes an instant dislike to Lennie*

***Soft and furry things** are irresistible to Lennie. He begs Slim (Charles Bickford) to give him a pup, and is ecstatically pleased with it, but ends by crushing it to death. This exhibition of Lennie's terrible urge is the first tragic event of his and George's ill-fated stay at the ranch*

John Steinbeck's brilliant novel and play, *Of Mice and Men*, has been translated to the screen with an exactness seldom granted to an author. Box-office tenets have been ignored (and will, it seems, be confounded) by this great modern tragedy, without benefit of love-interest or humour. The play was seen at the Apollo (whence it came from the Gate) last May, when Niall McGinnis played Lennie and John Mills, George—an inspired casting by Norman Marshall. Director Hal Roach and producer Lewis Milestone have boldly followed the original script, cutting only lines that would have offended the Hays office. Steinbeck's style must be well suited to the screen, for his *Grapes of Wrath* (a best-seller here and in America and one of the most important books of last year) has also been filmed and has had a great success in New York

***The friends** get away, but George, still loyal to Lennie, who has made life so difficult, realises that escape is impossible*

***The end** comes when George decides he must shoot Lennie rather than let him be caught by the Sheriff and his men. He tells him a favourite story, and Lennie, lost in happy contemplation, dies by his friend's hand*

The Viscountess Anson

Lady Anson is the wife of the Earl of Lichfield's heir, who is in the Grenadier Guards. She was Anne Bowes-Lyon before her 1938 wedding, is a niece of the Queen. She has a year-old son, Thomas Patrick John Anson, to whom the Queen is godmother

Social Portraits

Five Pictures in Flora Lion's Exhibition at Knoedler's Gallery

Mrs. Farquharson of Inver

Mrs. Myrtle Farquharson succeeded her fat Invercauld in 1936. Her husband was the la of Baron Emile d'Erlanger. Her only child is Invercauld, is near Braemar, in Aberdeenshir

The Viscountess Selby

Lady Selby is the wife of the third Viscount, married him in 1933, was Veronica Briscoe-George. She and her husband have two daughters, born in 1934 and 1936

vircauld, and Zoë

faher as fifteenth Farquharson of
e late Robin d'Erlanger, eldest son
d is her daughter Zoë. Her home,
hire ; she lives in Brompton Square

The Countess of Shrewsbury

The Viscountess Curzon

Lady Curzon's husband is Earl Howe's only son, is in the R.N.V.R., and a member of the L.C.C. She was Priscilla Weigall, is the only daughter of Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall, was married in 1935, has a daughter born in February

The exhibition of portraits by Flora Lion, R.P.S., opens to-morrow (25th) with a private view, at Knoedler's Gallery in Old Bond Street, will be open until the end of May. Chief exhibit is her portrait of the Queen, whom she has painted before in a group with her Majesty's two sisters, Lady Elphinstone and Lady Rose Leveson-Gower, which was shown in the 1924 Academy. Flora Lion has been an Academy exhibitor since 1920; held her last one-man show of portraits and landscapes in 1929 at Barbizon House. She was commissioned to paint two murals for Great Westminster House (reproduced in the *Bystander* Christmas Number, 1938). Has her studio off the Fulham Road

Lady Shrewsbury is the wife of the premier earl of England and Ireland, before her marriage in 1936 was Nadine Crofton, is the daughter of Brig.-Gen. C. R. Crofton. The Shrewsburys have a daughter, Lady Charlotte Chetwynd-Talbot, two this year

Stores *are in charge of Mrs. Louis Lebus, head of the canteen. She is Californian by birth; does all the catering herself with great efficiency, although she had no previous experience of canteens or large-scale catering. She works an average of six hours a day. Her seconds-in-command are Mrs. R. C. Jenkinson (with her here) and the Hon. Margaret Bigge, who often does eight hours and more at a stretch. Mrs. Jenkinson was Gwyneth Mathews, the Vic-Wells ballet dancer. Her husband, the gardening expert, is now R.T.O. at Euston*

Kettles *are a one-woman and a one-stove job (except that in the stove's oven are meat-pies warming). On duty is Miss Locke-Smith. Besides keeping the vast supply of boiling water ready and making endless fresh pots of tea, she deals with orders for coffee (ground or essence), chocolate, Ovaltine, Horlicks, Bovril, Oxo. Cold fruit drinks and fruit juice (from 1d. to 3d.) are also served*

No. 1. The Y.M.C.A. Canteen at Euston

More amateurs are cooking and serving meals and washing-up plates and mugs these days than at any time since the last war. Canteen workers develop a jealous loyalty to the place of their labours, compare notes eagerly or prices and methods with their "rivals." In this new "Bystander" series we cover a few of the hundreds of canteens and clubs, in London and out of London, where soldiers, sailors and airmen can buy and eat quick meals and pass an hour or two of spare time, where thousands of women also spend a varying amount of their spare time in voluntary work. Between 500 and 600 of these are run by the National Women's Auxiliary Committee of the Y.M.C.A., under the chairmanship of the Hon. Mrs. Sydney Marsham, who is also chairman of the Personal Service League and Girl Guides. Hon. secretary is Lady Blane. We begin with the Y.M.C.A. canteen at Euston, because it was the first canteen to open at a London terminus, is now one of the busiest. It was started in September with five helpers and one electric kettle. Now it has two gas-stoves, a gas boiling urn, and a staff of scores of helpers, all voluntary, who work in shifts of six to ten, night and day. Shifts run from 8-10 a.m., 10 a.m.-2.30 p.m., 2.30-6.30 p.m., 6.30-11 p.m., 11 p.m.-8 a.m. The canteen is in the former sorting-office, generously given by the L.M.S., who co-operate in every way to make things easy and comfortable for the men and the canteen staff. There are seldom less than a dozen or twenty customers in the place, almost always twice that number, and during the peak hours—i.e., when leave trains come in—queues of men wait to move up to the counter to be served. Between £50 and £60 a day is taken, in amounts varying from a penny for a cup of tea to, say, 1s. 1d. for two eggs, sausages and mash, tea and bread and butter

Counter-work *is the most popular job. Miss Rosalind Cubitt, daughter of the Hon. Roland Cubitt, is the tea-server above. All orders are taken over the counter; tea, bread and butter, cakes, cigarettes, chocolate are served immediately; orders for cooked food are passed to the kitchen, and each waitress collects her own platefuls when ready and hands them over to her "clients." Tea is a penny a cup*

Washing-up *is everyone's job in turn. These two are Mrs. Sime and the Hon. Anne Boot. The former comes twice a week from her Weybridge home to work at the canteen; the latter, Lord Trent's daughter, is soon going to join a mobile canteen staff. Towels are supplied and collected weekly by a special service. In front, the mechanical potato-peeler*

***Cooking** is done by two members of each shift, here Mrs. Jenkinson and Miss Moss. Waitresses collecting fried eggs are Miss Sonia Denison and Miss Priscilla Pettigrew. Cooked foods include eggs and bacon, sausages and mash (the most popular dishes), baked beans, tomato and spaghetti, very occasionally kippers. 1500 eggs is so far the record day's consumption; 900 per day is a fair average, and 150 to 200 lb. of sausages*

***Bread and butter** and sandwich-cutting keeps one worker busy, is the only sitting-down job in the canteen, is usually done (as by Mrs. Fairbank here) for an hour at a time. Bread and butter costs 1d. for two slices. Sandwiches and sandwich rolls are made up with ham, cheese salmon, also jam and marmalade on request. They can also be bought and taken away in paper bags by hungry travellers*

"Are You Being Served?"

The "Bystander" Goes Round the Canteens

***Clearing away** never ceases. Miss Priscilla Pettigrew collects plates and mugs and swabs tables to make room for the next customers. When leave-trains come in and the room is full, clearers-up must be nimble as goats to pick their way among tables, chairs, men, kitbags, rifles, coats, tin-hats, gas-masks*

***One corner** of the canteen, round the fire, is given over to armchairs, piano, gramophone, dartsboard, and tables where men can write letters. (Ink and writing-paper are free.) A man who plays the piano may collect a whole impromptu choir round him, generally singing nostalgically melancholy songs. Sometimes men passing through London on their way home on leave have several hours to put in, can stay as long as they like, night or day, in the canteen*

Phyllis Robins Goes With a "Boum"

In "Shephard's Pie," at the Princes Theatre

Portrait of a Crooner: Phyllis Robins

Phyllis Robins, blue-blonde star of *Shephard's Pie*, has a nice brand of humour of her own to add to that of the show's humorists-in-chief, Messrs. Leslie Howard, Arthur Riscoe and Richard Hearne. It is up to her, as well, to establish the now popular contact between stage and auditorium when she sings "You're Adorable" to a volunteer from the audience—usually a study in professional self-assurance and lay embarrassment. A Sheffield girl, born of non-theatrical parents, she suffered the traditional discouragement to a stage career, withstood it, and was soon making her name as a crooner with various famous dance bands. She was the first B.B.C. woman crooner on the British air during Henry Hall's radio regime and sang with Charlie Kunz when the popular pianist made his first broadcast. *Shephard's Pie* is her first West End show, and she hits sentimental and humorous targets with several good numbers. The two smaller pictures show her at work on a tune of the moment—"Boum"

Photographs by Anthony

"Love had never really appealed to me"

I could never really fall in love—
Not even with the yellow moon above—
Love had never really appealed to me,
All alone I was fancy free.
Boum—I felt my heart go boum—
Boum—me and my heart went boum—
Boum di di boum—'cos I met you.

"Boum—I felt my heart go boum—"

Films of the Day

An American Tragedy — "Of Mice and Men"

By George Campbell

PERHAPS you read *Of Mice and Men* in book form, or saw the play. If so, I need only tell you that the film does justice to a story of extraordinary originality and power. The production by Hal Roach, the former slapstick king, sacrifices none of the original's realism, and makes no concessions to sentimentality or the public's supposed love of a happy ending.

It certainly won't please everybody. Palates used to lollipops and syrups will find Mr. Steinbeck altogether too astringent. His world is as dark as the world of Æschylus; darker, perhaps, for he teaches that man may be poor and humble, free of that spiritual pride that calls down the vengeance of the gods, and yet be broken without pity. George and Lennie, the drifting labourers, ask little of life—two acres, a cow, a few fruit-trees, and some rabbits for Lennie to feed and play with. Yet each, in his way, is doomed to lose all.

It is a tragic story, but not wholly a depressing one. There is something fine and stimulating in George's loyalty to the giant with the little boy's brain, just as it is touching to see Lennie's admiration for, and implicit trust in, his intelligent little friend. "I was showin' off, see? And I tells him to jump in the river. And he jumps—though he can't swim. And when I pull him out, he *thanks* me." That little anecdote sums up their relationship—or did, until George learned to appreciate such dumb hero-worship without showing off. From that time on, knowing that Lennie alone is helpless, George looks after him and tries to keep him out of trouble. In vain, of course, for good-natured though Lennie is, he is quite unconscious of his terrific strength. When he caresses pets they die; when frightened, he seizes the man or woman who frightens him, and they are unlucky, too.

First of all it is Curly, the boss's son, a showy, jealous ex-pugilist with an uncontrollable temper and a pretty little slut of a wife. He dislikes Lennie from the start, picks a quarrel, and is cutting the giant's face to ribbons with his merciless fists. Lennie, cowering like a terrified child, suddenly grabs one fist; and with a scream the attacker faints, his hand smashed to pulp.

His wife, goaded beyond endurance by his jealousy and endless bragging, guesses what has happened and jeeringly walks out on him. So far we are with her. But she stops for a word with Lennie. There is an extremely effective little scene where hussy and half-wit sit and talk about their dreams, each speaking a language the other makes no effort to understand. And then, in her pride, she invited him to feel her silken hair. He pulls too hard and she screams. The terrified giant claps a hand over her mouth, and before his dim mind realises what is happening, she is dead.

It only remains to show the logical, pitiful end. What can George do? Leave Lennie to be hunted like a wild animal, and kept strait-jacketed in a cell? That is not his idea of friendship. He puts his gun in his pocket, finds Lennie hiding by the river, repeats for the last time the fairy-tale the half-wit loves, about the little farm where they are going to plant things, and keep furry rabbits, and live on the fat of the land, and shoots his friend in the back of the head.

One of the most moving tales ever brought to the screen has been directed by Lewis Milestone with the sensitiveness and sureness of touch that made his *All Quiet on the Western Front* a classic. And the acting is superb. Burgess Meredith (George), Lon Chaney, Jun. (Lennie), Bob Steele (Curly), Betty Field (Curly's wife), Roman Bohnen, as the one-armed old man heartbroken because his mangy old dog has to be shot, Charles Bickford (Slim, the independent mule-driver)—each in turn helps to make *Of Mice and Men* one of the memorable films of our generation. I recommend it as an experience on no account to be missed.

Flora Robson and George Raft in "Invisible Stripes"

Flora Robson made this film in Hollywood before going to New York to star in the American production of "Ladies in Retirement." In "Invisible Stripes" (at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square) she provides mother-love for her ex-convict son, played by George Raft

"FOR FREEDOM" and *Ils Etaient Neuf Célibataires* are the best of the others. *For Freedom* is a lively picture of events since Munich, as they affect a news-reel organisation whose job it is to "cover" the world. The chief (Will Fyffe) is about to produce a film about man's achievements for peace, with shots from France, Germany and Russia, when Hitler invades Poland. The peak of the story is the defeat of the Graf Spee, shown graphically in pictures while an admiral explains the tactics of the British cruisers with agreeable modesty and calm.

Ils Etaient Neuf Célibataires gives us Sacha Guitry, in a blue suit with white stripe, dark blue shirt and white tie, slightly chastened by a story that keeps him off the screen for ten or fifteen minutes at a time. The episodes are all amusing, the supporting players—among them Elvire Popesco, flashing across the screen like a blonde tigress bent on devouring anything male in sight—are all extremely accomplished, and the dialogue is in M. Guitry's most insolently witty vein.

WHEN I tell you that George Raft and Humphrey Bogart head the cast of *Invisible Stripes* you could write the story yourself—the same old one about the ex-convict who finds that the world will not let him go straight.

"THE SECRET OF DR. KILDARE" shows how Dr. Lew Ayres throws up his hospital job to cure a millionaire's beautiful daughter of a habit of staying up all night. A tough assignment.

WHAT *Slightly Honourable* is about I hardly know; but there are plenty of bodies and wisecracks, so I suppose it 's all clean fun.

"Of Mice and Men" is illustrated in this issue on pages 106-107.

Two pages of pictures from "For Freedom" appeared in last week's issue of the BYSTANDER.

"Bystander" Short Story

Life is Too Short for Unicorns

By Walter Brooks

ONCE upon a time there was a young man named John Rider and he had a father and a mother and a little sister Phyllis and they all lived together in a big house on the Connecticut River near Essex. That is in the summer they lived there but in the winter Mr. and Mrs. Rider and Phyllis went to Boston where Mr. Rider was a corporation lawyer and John went to Williamstown where he was a junior. I don't mean he was a junior all the time but just during this story.

Well John was like most young men that age and I suppose he thought more about girls than anything else. His chief girl was named Dent and her first name was Phyllis like his sister's and that made it confusing for as he said when he called one of them neither of them came. So we will call her Miss Dent. Anyway he and Miss Dent were together a lot but one day she had to go somewhere and he couldn't find anybody else to do anything with him so he went for a walk. And he was climbing up through some woods back of his house when he heard this noise. Well it was a sort of little complaining noise like a dog having bad dreams. Or maybe it was more like a cat. Anyway he pushed into some bushes to see and there was what he thought was a good-sized white dog only when he got closer it was an animal he had never seen before. It looked like a midget horse only it had a long white horn growing out of the middle of its forehead. Its hide was cream-coloured and must have been pretty thin for there were some blood spots on it where the wild raspberry vines had scratched it. And the vines were all around it so that it couldn't move without getting scratched worse.

So John got out his knife and went to work. The thorns clawed him good but he got them cleared away finally and then he walked out into an open space and the animal followed and came up to him and licked his hand. My gosh! said John the darn thing is a unicorn!

Well it was a unicorn all right and when John sat down to rest a minute it sat down beside him and looked at him. It had narrow green eyes that looked sort of inhuman like a goat's. There was an expression in them but it wasn't gratitude and it wasn't an expression that John could interpret. John was pretty excited and he wanted to capture the creature and take it home and he thought he'd tie his belt around its neck. But that expression stopped him. So he just got up and said Want to come home with me? and the unicorn licked his hand again and followed him down through the trees.

Well there was nobody around when he got to the house so he took the unicorn into the garage and washed the blood off the places where the thorns had scratched it and gave it a drink of water. Then he put down a blanket in a corner and the unicorn curled up on it and closed his eyes. And John hurried into the house.

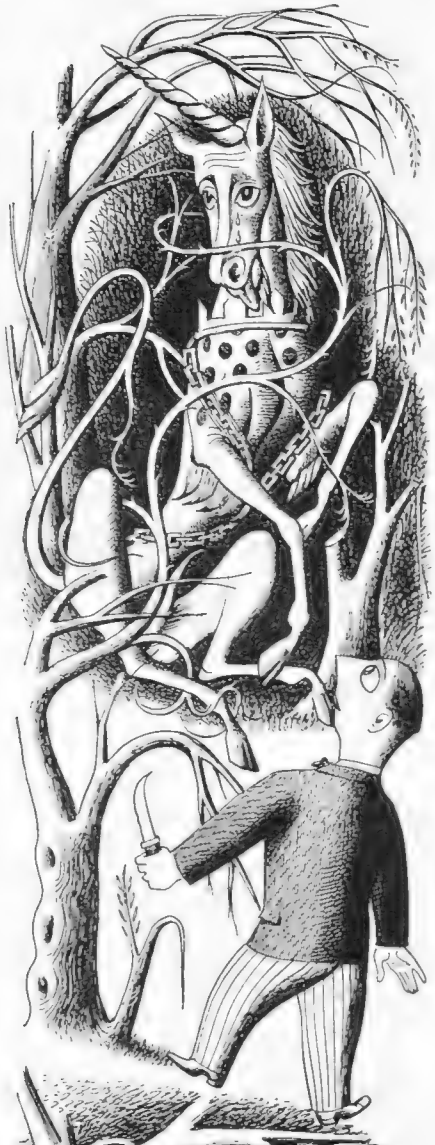
Well Mrs. Rider was writing letters and she said John dear do you always have to come tearing into the house like a cyclone? I'm sorry mother said John but will you come out to the garage right away? I've got something wonderful out there. Yes dear said Mrs. Rider. You sit down and wait until I finish this note to your Aunt Melba. But mother said John it really is wonderful. It—it's a unicorn. I wouldn't tip back in that chair if I were you said Mrs. Rider. It's not too strong. I wish you'd pay some attention to me mother said John when it's really important. Of course dear said Mrs. Rider inattentively.

But pretty soon she finished and they went out to the garage. The unicorn woke up and blinked at them with the same queer expression in its green eyes. Goodness! said Mrs. Rider It *is* a unicorn! I suppose it escaped from some circus. You'd better call the State Police and see if they've had any report on it. You might get a reward. A circus! said John. But you don't seem to understand mother. There isn't any such animal as a unicorn. It's—well it's mythical. Well of course said Mrs. Rider That's why it's probably from a circus. Then she looked at him and frowned and said Really John you're messier than usual. You *must* go in and clean up for lunch. Your father will be home any minute now.

Well John saw it was no use so he went in and he had just changed when he heard a car and he rushed down to the garage just as his father was lifting his golf clubs out of the back seat. So he took his father's arm and pulled him over to the corner of the garage. Look father he said what I found. So Mr. Rider looked and then he knelt down and looked some more and then he got up and said My God John where'd it come from? So John told him.

Mr. Rider looked pretty worried. You'll have to get rid of it he said. But father said John it's a unicorn. Nobody's ever seen one before and—— I know all that said Mr. Rider. But don't you see what it means? said John. No said Mr. Rider and I don't intend to try. Well neither do I exactly said John but after all—well father it *is* a unicorn! See here son said Mr. Rider I'm not giving you orders. You're old enough to use your own wits. But if you're doing a jigsaw puzzle and if you find a piece that is obviously from an entirely different puzzle it's common sense to throw it out isn't it? I suppose so said John. Well said Mr. Rider my life is complicated enough but it is still possible. Perhaps your own—being simpler—— Well come in to lunch.

(Concluded on page 124)



Illustrations by Eric Fraser

Come Out to Play

Tennis—

Next week tennis clubs will be opening again, for whatever happens to the tournaments there will be plenty of private play. Lillywhites are ready for the new season at their Piccadilly Circus and Knightsbridge branches. Many players now prefer skirts to shorts, and they certainly look better on nearly everybody from all angles. The model on the left, 37s. 6d., is in "Tennis cord," a woollen material with surprising wear-clean properties. It has two hip pockets and a deep inverted pleat back and front. The easy-fitting, buttoned jumper costs 29s. 6d., and you can wear a scarf or not, as you feel inclined. This firm is, of course, famous for its rackets, and all other accessories, such as shoes and coloured socks, are also to be found here

—and Tan

Even without the weather reports, experts prophesy a hot summer, so the right beauty preparations should be marshalled well in advance. To tan, but not to burn, is a good rule for everyone, except the few whose skins are too fair to face the sun at all. Kathleen Court has therefore produced "Cooltan," a greaseless cream which protects the skin and at the same time induces a deep, glowing tan. Its action is especially rapid; simply smooth it thinly on before going out into the sun, and again, more generously, after about twenty minutes' exposure. If you have forgotten to use it in time, and become sunburnt, "Cooltan" does actually relieve the pain. The tube is shown on the right, with a bottle of "Cooltan" Skin Lotion and the Kathleen Court "Staiput" lipstick, smooth and indelible. These preparations can all be bought practically everywhere, but if there is any difficulty, write to 320, Regent Street, W.1, for information

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Murder in Mexico

By V. S. Pritchett

THE trouble about most thrillers is that, like boys' books, they are always crudely patriotic and orthodox when they deal with international politics. Other people's politics are always being confounded and their knavish tricks frustrated with a self-righteousness which is very boring for anyone above Boy Scout age. It is also very old-fashioned. For patriotism has branched out on its own since those days and the characteristic modern situation is that of a Fifth Column intriguing in the name of patriotism with its country's enemies. Revolutionaries have had the same picaresque morality, allying themselves with their enemies against their friends. The political thriller which misses this development is out of date; it is way back with Phillips Oppenheim, the fearless monocle and the dress-suit Riviera.

Mr. Arthur Calder Marshall's *The Way to Santiago* (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is very much aware of the change. It is a good thriller, with serious political implications which are not too heavily obtruded. The scene is Mexico; the time the present war; the background the political intrigues at present surrounding the oil expropriations. It is well known that what is called international Fascism would like to overthrow the regime which has expropriated the oil, and that since the war its German wing has complicated the issue by buying the tainted stuff as contraband. Mr. Calder Marshall invents an American journalist who is working on this story. He has discovered that the President is to be assassinated; he has discovered who is to be his successor (by seducing his mistress); he has put his finger on the international organisation which is running the affair; and he has found the name but not the identity of their agent. In doing so the journalist has learned too much. He is murdered.

Journalists are a co-operative clan, and one, Mr. Lamson, an Englishman whose idea of co-operation has hitherto stopped at a liaison with the murdered man's wife, suddenly determines to discover the truth. In this he is aided by one of those Munchausens who are always present when one or two journalists are gathered together. His name is Transit, and though he tells tall stories about his passage through the Gloria Mundi, we soon know that it is he who is the wanted agent. An exquisite situation: he directs the search for himself and thereby takes one into the intricate prevarications of Mexican politics. The foolish Lamson walks into all the traps, and only his indignation and his reborn political conscience give him that touch of common sense which may get him through. Whether he does get through or not I ought not to tell.

Mr. Calder Marshall is an expert reporter, good at talk, speedy with the quick change of scene, vivid in his treatment of the Mexican jungle and sound about the complete lack of trust in the Mexican character. His portrait of Torres, the pretending General, amorous, jovial, drunk, is very good. So good that I fancy it would have been truer to character and artistic requirements if he had been made to double-cross everybody, which he is clearly longing to do. But the difficulty of being as up-to-date as Mr. Calder Marshall's story is that you can't alter history. Mr. Transit is good, too. He is no melodramatic villain, but tough and neurotic, the typical disappointed exhibitionist of the new arm-raising politics. The more prominent shirt-wearers, like their leaders, are all cases for the clinic or the asylum.

Leslie Howard and Sculptor O. Nemon

The Yugoslav sculptor, O. Nemon, gave a party in his Knightsbridge studio to which Leslie Howard came. Howard (Ashley in "Gone With the Wind") is working on a topical war-comedy-adventure film, written by A. G. Macdonell. The busts by Nemon, seen in this picture, are of Leslie Howard and Sir Max Beerbohm. The latter is the only one in existence of "Max," and is considered one of the finest contemporary portrait busts in England

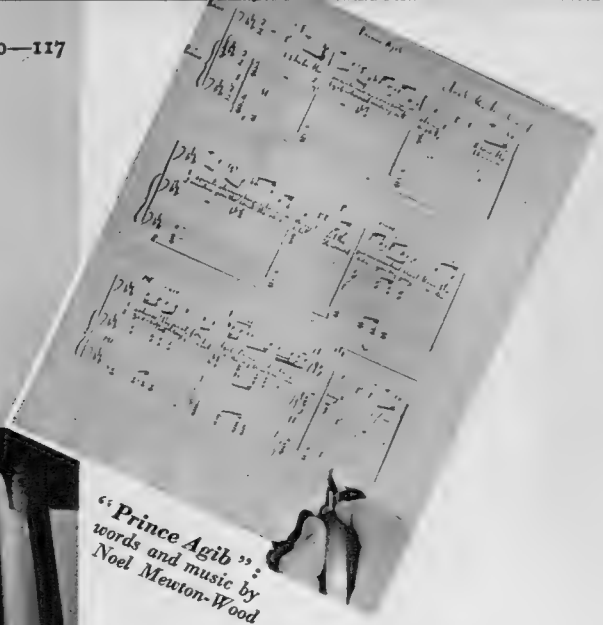
IN *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog* (Dent; 7*s.* 6*d.*) Mr. Dylan Thomas has done a series of scenes from his youth in Wales. It is done with the crude vigour, the eye for the theatrical, the fantastic and the animal which the Welsh have, and a very bizarre, comic, physically frightening and totally individual book it is. Here are some of the characters: the card-playing Uncle who took a sheep to the pub to pay for his drink; the mad grandfather who thought his bed was a horse and shouted "Whoa!" and "Gee up!" through the night, put a red waistcoat on over his night-shirt and was apt to set fire to his bed; the two maids, who, finding they both had the same young man, went out and beat him up in a park. Mr. Thomas's gift is an astonishingly developed eye and ear, the power to recover the crude, placard heat and colour of boyhood and youth. I should like to write at length about this book, which I suppose will make enemies and friends for his talent. Perhaps he is best served by quotation. Here is a sea beach. The boy is playing cricket with his father on the sand:

> Chasing the ball towards the sea, passing undressing women with a rush and a wink, tripping over a castle into a coil of wet girls lying like snakes, soaking his shoes as he grabbed the ball off a wave, he felt his happiness return and "Look out, Duckworth, here's a fast one coming!" he cried to the mother behind the hats. The ball bounced on a boy's head. In and out of the scattered families, among the sandwiches and clothes, uncles and mothers, fielded the bouncing ball. A bald man, with his shirt hanging out, returned it in the wrong direction, and a collie carried it into the sea.

There is a grand portrait of an awful religious youth, Gwilym, who has started his own chapel in a barn, calls to the rats and chickens to repent, and takes an imaginary collection. Mr. Thomas's is a mad world, savage, comic, tense with love and hate and alarm, full of the uncouth animality of boyhood.

"TALES BEFORE MIDNIGHT," by Stephen Vincent Benét (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*), are American tales by a very competent and readable short-story writer. The variety is wide, if the general mood has nothing new in it: a gentle but acute sentiment, a transatlantic, A. E. Coppard air. A Nazi officer watches the Jews leave his country and is horrified when he sees the wounds in the hands of a child in the last family to leave. *The Fool Killer* is an allegory about the fear of death. *O'Halloran's Luck* is about the two-fisted Irishmen "as solid as the Rock of Cashel," who built the American railroads. The stories of childhood are the most engaging; the weakness of Mr. Benét's prose is that it cuts up rather maddeningly into hymn-tune rhythms.

MR. FRED URQUHART'S Scottish stories in *I Fell for a Sailor* (Duckworth; 7*s.* 6*d.*) are brisker in the telling and more adventurous in matter, if they are also more uneven. An Irish youth quarrels with the priests, but they get him in the end—this is a good story. His best manner runs like this: "The fleet was in," Mammie said. "C'mon. Let's go grab ourselves a sailor."

There are stories of the new Army, a stunt story about B.O.—the low-down on that inferiority complex—and a comical fantasy about Hollywood in Hell, with a director who hits on the idea of "adapting" the story of Genesis for the films. All the cracks can't be good, as Groucho Marx said, but a surprising number of Mr Urquhart's are.

"Prince Agib": words and music by Noel Mewton-Wood

Young Musician from Australia

Noel Mewton-Wood is the son of a Melbourne music-teacher, nephew of a Sydney Cathedral organist. His mother took his education in hand when, four years old, he started playing coherent tunes of his own on the piano. At eight he passed the Intermediate examination of Melbourne University, studied music there till he was fourteen, also learnt French and German. Then his mother brought him to Europe, took him to Salzburg for the Festival, to Lake Como to become a pupil of Schnabel, to London to study and hear music. Since the war he has been living at Eridge, in Sussex, with friends, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Eckersley; was photographed (below) with one of his hostess's Alsatians. Critics were pleased with Mewton-Wood's playing and musical understanding at the Beecham concert at which he made his debut. He makes his second appearance at the Queen's Hall tonight (24th), in a concert in aid of the Red Cross

Noel Mewton-Wood *is seventeen, a pupil of Professor Bernard Heinze, Ormond Professor at Melbourne University, and of Artur Schnabel. He has already composed an opera ("Alice in Wonderland"), a piano concerto, a piano quintet, and a number of songs*

Sir Thomas Beecham *gave Mewton-Wood a 3½-hour audition, and then arranged the boy's debut at the Queen's Hall on March 31st, as soloist in Beethoven's piano concerto in C minor, with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, Beecham himself conducting*

Photographs by Pictorial Press

Slater — King

Lieut. Ransford Ward Slater, R.N., and Katharine Mayson King were married at Knutsford Parish Church. He is the younger son of Sir Ransford and Lady Slater, of Inwood, Cookham Dean, Berks. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold King, of 10, Woodvale Road, Knutsford, Cheshire

Phillips — Williams

Com. George H. C. Phillips, R.N., and Kathleen Cecil Babette Williams, elder daughter of the Rev. D. H. A. and Mrs. Williams, of Daglingsworth, Glos., were married at Christ Church, Victoria Street. He is the elder son of Lieut.-Col. G. P. A. Phillips, and Mrs. Craven Phillips, of Alverstoke, Hants.

Baynham — O'Driscoll

Sub-Lieut. John de Mouchet Baynham, R.N.V.R., son of the late Sir Walter Baynham, and Lady Baynham, of Coronel, Sidcup, Kent, and Maura Eveleen (Molly) O'Driscoll, and Mrs. O'Driscoll, of Greystones, Sidcup, Kent, were married at St. Mary's, Chislehurst

Luxmoore — Lee Warner

Second-Lieut. Michael Luxmoore, R.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. Luxmoore, of Burnhopeside Hall, Lanchester, Co. Durham, and Anne Lavender Lee Warner, daughter of Major and Mrs. E. H. Lee Warner, of Denton House, Harleston, Norfolk, and Wimpole Lodge, Cambridgeshire, were married in the private chapel, Bromley College, Kent

Springhall — Pritchard

Major John Robin Springhall, East Yorkshire Regiment, only son of Lieut.-Col. J. W. Springhall, of Beverlac, Worthing, and the late Mrs. Springhall, and Evelyn Emilie Pritchard, of 22, Hans Crescent, S.W.1, elder daughter of Major-Gen. and Mrs. H. L. Pritchard, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Osborne — Young

Francis Nicholas Paget Osborne, Grenadier Guards, and Ruby Ellen Young, only daughter of Mrs. D. M. Young, of 169, Queen's Gate, S.W.7, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Osborne, formerly of Smithstown, Co. Meath

Mawhood — St. John

Flying Officer D. V. G. Mawhood, R.A.F., son of the late M. L. Mawhood, and Mrs. Mawhood (Mary Clare, the actress), of 8, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1, and Margaret Mary St. John, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. B. St. John, of 45, Kensington Park Gardens, W.8, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place

Foster — Thompson

Martin J. C. Foster, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Foster, of Egton Manor, Egton Bridge, Yorks., and Patricia Mary Thompson, younger daughter of Prebendary and Mrs. Austin Thompson, of 24, Chester Square, S.W.7, were married by the bride's father, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

Browne — Partridge

Fl.-Lt. John Campbell Browne, M.B., son of Professor and Mrs. F. J. Browne, of Heath Lodge, Watford Heath, Herts., and Veronica Evelyn Partridge, daughter of Walter Partridge, of St. James's Court, S.W.1, were married at Crown Court Church of Scotland, Covent Garden. Professor Browne is Professor of Obstetrics and Gynæcology at London University

Catherine Bell

Frances Hely-Hutchinson

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Hely-Hutchinson, of 10, Ormonde Gate, S.W.3. She is engaged to Captain John Mellor Stevens, younger son of the late Courtenay Stevens, and Mrs. Stevens, of 42, Sheffield Terrace, W.

Lenare

Arnold Harrison and Mary Hamilton

Arnold Henry Mayne Harrison, Queen's Westminsters, K.R.R.C., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Harrison, of Hurst House, Hurst, Berks., is engaged to Mary Chetwode Hamilton, elder daughter of the Bishop of Shrewsbury and Mrs. E. K. C. Hamilton, of Edgmond Rectory, Newport, Salop

Navana

Emily Marguerite Vaux and Oliver Morrogh-Ryan

Oliver Bertram Morrogh-Ryan is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Morrogh-Ryan, of Dunboyne Castle, Co. Meath. His fiancée, Emily Marguerite Ord Vaux, is the younger daughter of the late Colonel Vaux, and Mrs. Vaux, of Brettanby Manor, Barton, Yorks.

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Pearl Freeman

Mrs. Edward Tomkinson

Myrtle Alice Land was married at Chelsea Old Church to Lt. Edward P. Tomkinson, R.N., son of the late R. E. Tomkinson, and Mrs. Tomkinson, of Dormy, Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset. She is the daughter of Com. and Mrs. C. B. Land, of the Mill House, Elford, Staffs.

Wilding — Hill

Lieut. Mark Wilding, R.N.V.R., and Diana Hill were married at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Wilding, of Bazehill House, Rottingdean, Sussex. Hers are Mr. and Mrs. Philip Maurice Hill, of 6, Embankment Gardens, S.W.3

Neathercoat — Bodenham

Sec.-Lieut. R. W. Vernon Neathercoat, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Neathercoat, of Holbrook Park, Horsham, Surrey, and Anne Bodenham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Bodenham, of Laureldene, Weybridge, Surrey, were married at Our Lady of the Assumption, W.

Burleston — Bradshaw

Bryan Burleston, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Burleston, of Silksworth Hall, Co. Durham, and Evelyn Loveday Bradshaw, elder daughter of the late A. E. Bradshaw, and Mrs. Bradshaw, of the Grange, Steeple Aston, Oxford, were married at St. Peter and St. Paul, Steeple Aston

Buckley — Kaye

E. Richard Buckley and Mrs. Heather Kaye, only daughter of Lieut.-Com. Sir August Cayzer, Bt., R.N. (ret.), and Lady Cayzer, of Roffey Park, Horsham, and Gartmore, Perthshire, were married at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate. He is the only son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. P. N. Buckley, of Strood Park, Horsham, Surrey

Gifford — Moncreiff

Second-Lieut. Frederick William Gifford, Royal Artillery, of Dunfermline, and the Hon. Nicola Moncreiff, third of the four daughters of Lord and Lady Moncreiff, of Tullibole Castle, Kinross-shire, were married at St. Paul's, Kinross

***Mrs. Whitworth** is the wife of Vice-Admiral William Jock Whitworth, who commanded the great attack on Narvik on April 13th, when the 2nd Destroyer Flotilla, led by H.M.S. Warspite, sank or put out of action all the seven German destroyers in the Bay. She and her daughter Margot were photographed at their home in Kent. The Whitworths have two sons, both in the Navy*

***Mrs. Buzzard** is the wife of Com. Anthony W. Buzzard, whose destroyer, H.M.S. Gurkha, was sunk by a German bomber on April 9th. The Gurkha sank after over four hours, and her commander remained on board and her gunners continued to fire at the attacking Dorniers until her decks were awash. Commander Buzzard arrived back in England on the 11th, rejoined his wife and two children at their Surrey home. He is the elder son of Sir Farquhar Buzzard, Bt., Physician-in-Ordinary to King George V.*

Sanity Fare

By Douglas Reed

The Author of "Insanity Fair" Covers the War Fronts

Reprieve

IF anybody should discern an unwontedly sober tone in this survey, the reason is that the time is too grave for caustic comments.

Writing a week ago, with the news of the German swoop on Denmark and Norway just coming through on the tape, I felt that we had one foot on the scaffold and the noose around our neck. Now another seven days have passed, and we have been reprieved again. I remember British soldiers in the last war, as they contemplated the hopeless and useless task they were asked to perform at Passchendaele, remarking, "Thank God we've got a Navy." To-day, we need to say that with a hundred times as much fervour. The British Navy, our hope and help in ages past, which had already at Montevideo and on the Norwegian coast given us the only good news we have had in this war, has pulled us back again from the edge of the steep place. Even the Navy cannot eternally work miracles, and we deserve to be damned if we do not make full use of this respite.

Glimpse of the Abyss

FOR it is now clear that both Italy and Russia knew what was coming—how incorrigible is our Press in its wishful thinking, and how nearly fatal to us was all that vainglorious boasting about "Hitler achieved nothing on the Brenner"—and it is a thousand to one that they were both prepared to come in with Germany if the Norwegian coup had been a full success. They may yet do this; the tone of the Government-operated Italian Press is unmistakable in its threats. But if anything can make them pause now—and we really have enough on our hands already—it is the smashing victory of our Navy at Narvik. Even the Roman Umpire, whose Italy stands knee-deep in the British-infested Mediterranean, should think again after that.

But as I write he has not yet thought again, and there are anti-Chamberlain demonstrations in Rome. Will our beloved Prime Minister eat that hat? I doubt it. But everywhere that Mussolini goes, Franco is fairly sure to follow. If we had only used to the full that winter respite—ah, then!

***Mrs. Forbes** is the wife of Lieut.-Com. J. H. Forbes, of H.M. Submarine Spearfish, which successfully attacked the German pocket-battleship Admiral Scheer on April 11th. According to the Admiralty communiqué, it was probable that the Admiral Scheer was hit by more than one torpedo. The Spearfish arrived in port last Thursday, and Commander Forbes soon rejoined his wife and small daughter Fiona*

Decisive Weeks

IF Hitler's success in Norway had been swift and complete, I do not believe any other neutral country in Europe would have attempted to resist an onslaught. Even now, it is uncertain that they would or will. The effect of that swoop was too demoralising for small countries, and though their expiring hopes have been rekindled by the victory at Narvik, they need much more before their courage revives. But we have at least done much damage to the small German navy, and we have a foothold in Norway. Everything depends on the use we make of this new respite and this new chance. Hitler cannot afford *one* defeat. He has had a relatively small set-back. If that can be made into a major reverse, the Nazi idol will begin to wobble on its feet of clay. As soon as he feels unsure, he will lash out somewhere else, in the hope of retrieving the ground he has lost—and that should be our grand opportunity, if only we are ready *in advance* with plans to smite the Nazi chin wherever it is proffered. The terrible thing about the Danish and Norwegian coups is that, in spite of all past lessons, we were not ready—but, thanks to that superlative Navy, we did manage to arrest the avalanche.

Oslo

NOW that the full story of the fall of Oslo is known—the *Daily Telegraph* performed an immortal service to journalism by publishing it—it emerges as the greatest of Hitler's triumphs, though, as we must hope, a transitory one. The flesh creeps at that story of suborned naval officers and commandants, of mines craftily

(*Continued on page 122*)

Branksome Tower Hotel stands on its own cliffs which include six hundred feet of sea frontage, ten acres of thickly wooded grounds, and a private sea promenade. No other hotel in England is quite like Branksome Tower, which excels in every direction expected of a first-class hotel. There are 4 Hard Tennis courts, Squash, Golf on several different courses, First-class Resident Orchestra and unexceptionable cuisine. Write for remarkable photographic brochure to A. BICH, Manager. 'Phone: Bournemouth 4000. 'Grams: Branksome Tower, Bournemouth.

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Sanity Fare

(Continued from page 120)

de-electrified, of 1500 German soldiers calmly walking into a city of 300,000 souls, and of a population always thought to rank among the most freedom-loving of the world watching, in part passively, in part seemingly with friendliness, but without a single sign of despair or hostility, the sudden coming of the conqueror. Here is the living justification of everything Hitler wrote in *Mein Kampf* about the inability of weak and irresolute peoples to resist a conqueror as long as he attacks them one by one, always promising the next victim that he will be spared. Here, in Oslo, we saw the full effects of Munich, of the loss of faith in our strength and our will. It is a terrifying picture, almost without its like in history. In Austria, a Seyss-Inquart and a Guido Schmidt were contemptible, but yet comprehensible figures. But in Norway? If this does not awaken Britain to full realisation of the might and cunning of our enemy, nothing will. Imagine the weeks and months of intrigue, of plotting and planning, of scheming and subverting, that were needed to prepare this coup! Did no inkling of it reach our Secret Service, our diplomatic missions? The same thing is happening, as I write, in Rumania, in Bulgaria, in Yugoslavia, in Holland and Belgium. Are we now prepared?

***Officers' Sunday Club** opened ten days ago with a party at the Dorchester. Lady Forbes, wife of the C.-in-C., Home Fleet, was a hostess, was offered a cigarette here by Lieut. W. Garthwaite, Fleet Air Arm. On the right is Miss Elspeth Ironside, daughter of the C.I.G.S. The Dowager Marchioness Townshend is the club's founder; she also started a similar one in the last war. For the opening party C. B. Cochran arranged a cabaret, and his Young Ladies danced with some of the guests*

The Credit Side

On the other side of the balance, we have the magnificent exploit at Narvik, the serious damage done to Hitler's fleet, and the foothold we have gained in Norway. We can still fight back. We can turn Hitler's greatest and most skilfully prepared exploit into the beginnings of his downfall—if we substitute exertion and audacity for lunatic optimism and wishful thinking. He has dealt us a hand with which, if we play it skilfully, we can win the rubber. But in the first eight months of the war we played a good hand with such languor that we all but enabled him to make his call, and were nearly left sitting with the ace of trumps. Our worst enemy is, still, not Hitler, but the lack of leadership and understanding of our enemy's craft and strength.

Motoring Commentary

By "Spare Wheel"

Post-war London

There will, we know, be neither money, labour or materials to spare while the war lasts for any of the great road schemes that were contemplated by the Government this time last year. We also know that as soon as the war ends there will be pressing need of ways and means to find employment for a nation suddenly switched from war work to peace work, and that roads and road-making are counted on to form one of the most absorbent types of effort.

I think it was Sir Charles Bressey who was the first publicly to advise that the plans for these post-war roads should be prepared in advance. Victim himself of what he sarcastically dubbed the "science of dilatology," he warned us that selfish and antagonistic local authorities and the red tape with which they and the Government departments insisted on playing commonly made the job of settling the route of a road and acquiring the necessary land a two-year affair. Hence it would be well, if work was to start at once when peace came, that all preliminaries should as far as possible be got over during war.

Whitehall has now gracefully agreed. Under pressure, the Ministry has admitted that in addition to the many schemes started or on the verge of starting last September, like the Dartford Tunnel and the Hammersmith by-pass, plans for others will be pushed ahead at once. The Stamford by-pass, for instance, is now complete—on paper—and there will be no outstanding negotiations or arrangements to settle before work can begin, at the fall of the flag, on this long-needed five miles of new modern road which is to replace the 20-ft.-wide "highway" that has had to serve up to and through the narrow streets of Stamford since the days of the Romans.

Non-Londoners will perhaps pardon the claim that among the most important schemes sidetracked by the war are those for the re-planning of the traffic of London. We were only just beginning to think seriously about Sir Charles Bressey's proposals; one or two had been accepted, some were already in the grip of the "dilatologists" (notably the plan to link the Western and Eastern Avenues by way of the Euston Road), others were being thought over. Now, I take it, the whole of his great survey has been taken down from its pigeon-hole, dusted, and handed over to the engineers for consideration and report.

If so, perhaps another expert's idea of how to solve the metropolitan traffic problem for the post-war London is also under scrutiny. This is a scheme that has had no publicity. Hardly anyone outside the ranks of the architects has heard of it. But it is very interesting, and if its author can substantiate his claims most certainly demands investigation. It is a plan for a connected series of underground roads driven through the London clay, and its author is Mr. John Murray, a very distinguished architect and structural engineer.

There have been proposals for underground roads before. Where this one differs is in the method of construction. Mr. Murray states that all the clay excavated for the tunnels and sub-roads (as he calls them) could be converted immediately on the spot into good building material and used as such to construct the tunnels in place of the usual cast-iron linings. The saving in labour and cost of materials, if this is possible, as he claims, would be tremendous; it might, he estimates, cut the usual cost of tunnelling in London by 50 per cent.

It has often been asserted that underground roads even at normal costs of construction would not in the long run be much more expensive than the alternative of widening existing streets or cutting new ones. Overhead streets would also avoid the losses involved in pulling down existing buildings and the sacrifice of rates and taxes and the disturbance of the traffic involved thereby, but I don't think anyone can view with equanimity the picture of a London crossed by roads on stilts. Sir Charles Bressey himself proposes two or three underground roads. If they can be provided at not much more than half the estimated cost of such roads, the case for them is uncommonly strong.

Mr. Murray puts the case for and against a Charing Cross bridge and a Charing Cross sub-road. The London County Council's estimate of the cost of property and compensation for disturbance for the approaches to a bridge at Charing Cross was £25,000,000, plus £7,500,000 for the bridge itself. It was also estimated that five years would have to be spent in negotiations before the work could begin. Now for a road under the river all the approaches required would be circuses at the exits, and the road complete, with extensions and branches under the West End of London, could be built in five years with practically no disturbance of traffic.

Incidentally, one of the big arguments against a Charing Cross bridge was the difficulty (insuperable according to the police experts) of finding any place where, on the north side, the traffic coming off the bridge can disperse. If you are planning underground you can bring your cross-river traffic to the surface almost where you please. One exit might be in Trafalgar Square (which the bridge could not reach direct) and another in Charing Cross Road near the Cavell Memorial. Sir Charles Bressey was content with a tunnel-road running north and south under Hyde Park and another under Piccadilly to Berkeley Square. But if Mr. Murray can perform his miracles with the clay the London of the latter half of the twentieth century might be free of congestion and traffic blocks, have no street parking problems—and have permanent and indestructible air-raid protection. Anyhow, it seems worth going into.

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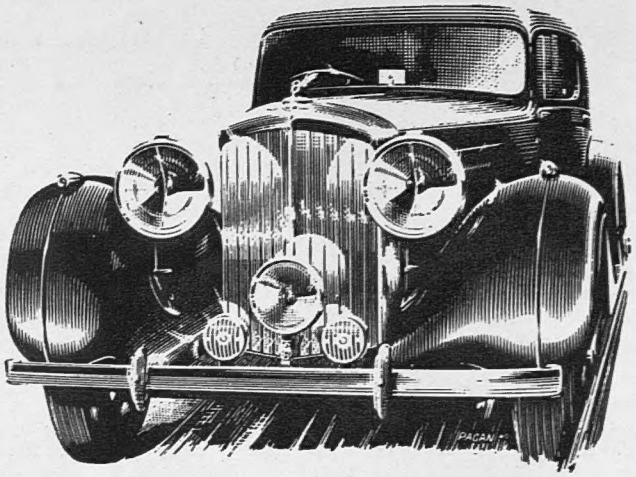

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Life is Too Short for Unicorns

(Continued from page 114)

So at lunch nothing was said about the unicorn and although John was too excited to eat he kept still. After lunch he took his little sister out to see it but all she said was O I thought they were larger. And then she sat down beside it and put her arm around it and rubbed her cheek against its shoulder and the unicorn got up and moved away. Gee what good is the thing ? she said and ran out of the garage.

So John borrowed the car and put the unicorn in the back seat and went over to Miss Dent's. She ran out as he came up the drive and said Hello Johnny are we going to the Yacht Club this afternoon ? I guess so said John. O sure. But look Phyl what 's in the back seat. Well can you beat that ! said Miss Dent. What is it ? Is it stuffed ? No said John it 's real. It 's a unicorn. And he told her about finding it.

Well Miss Dent looked at the unicorn and didn't say anything and at last John said But Phyl don't you see what it — well I mean how miraculous it is ? O sure said Miss Dent. It 's cute. But what fun is it Johnny ? I mean can it do any tricks ? Tricks ! said John What do you want it to do tricks for ? Well she said if we 're taking it over to the Yacht Club—— O gosh said John I wouldn't take it over there and have all that gang poking it and making fun of it. Anyway it doesn't do tricks. It 's— well it 's just a unicorn. Well what *of* it ? said Miss Dent getting exasperated. Take it home and let 's get over to the club.

But John said no he wouldn't because he couldn't lock it up and anyway he didn't want to leave it. I thought maybe we could just stay with it he said. Just sit and look at it ? she demanded. But it 's so wonderful Phyl said John. Well I think it 's just dumb said Miss Dent. And furthermore I think you 're crazy. So they had a row and he called her an undeveloped brat and she said he ought to be running a flea circus and then she got out her own car and drove off to the club.

Well I don't know whether John was in love with Miss Dent or not because being in love is one thing and being entertained is another but they look the same from the outside and even frequently from the inside so that I don't think John knew either. But he was fascinated by the unicorn and wasn't going to give it up. For the next week or two he took it with him everywhere. His mother wouldn't let it sleep in the house because she was afraid it wasn't housebroken and later she wouldn't let it in the house at all for it was sometimes unaccountably clumsy and after it had smashed an imitation Chinese vase Mrs. Rider was very fond of and had gouged a piece with its horn out of the Empire radio cabinet it had to stay outdoors.

John took long walks with it and although it was not companionable or affectionate like a dog it led him to places that he had never seen before although he knew the whole countryside well. It would be a cave high in a hill or maybe a bank of mountain laurel glimmering along the slant of a ravine or they would come out of the high woods at a point from which everything below in the valley looked strange and almost unrecognisable although each grove and spire and hill was familiar enough. It was always like seeing it for the first time. It was something perhaps in the angle from which things were seen John thought but he could never work it out. But it was endlessly fascinating.

One day John got his father to go with them. They came out after a while in an old clearing and below them was the river and half a mile away their own house. They could see Mrs. Rider and Phyllis cutting flowers in the garden. After a few minutes John said Have you ever looked at the house from here before father ? Eh ? said Mr. Rider with a start O. No. Not from this side of the hill. So John waited a few minutes more and then said Well father ? Well said his father thoughtfully And then he shook his head and said No. A platitude won't express it and I can't seem to find anything else. Then it will express it said John. You 're too young to know that platitudes always have two meanings and that they 're both the same said Mr. Rider frowning. He stood up. So for that matter am I he said. Come. Let 's go home.

Well all this discouraged John about showing the unicorn to anyone else and he tried to keep it to himself but of course a lot of people heard something about it and he got kidded a good deal when he went places. So he stopped going. But the people went right on talking about him. One would say I hear Johnny Rider 's got a unicorn up at his house. And then another would say There was always something queer about that boy. And with that much to go on in a week they had John in a straight jacket. Even Miss Dent although she had really seen the unicorn gave up trying to defend him after a while and giggled with the others and began to believe that the unicorn existed only in John's disordered mind.

John was pretty unhappy about this and specially about Miss Dent who he really liked to be with as well as he did with the unicorn. But he was stubborn so he took some pictures of the animal and sent them with an explanation to the Museum of Natural History in New York. And he asked to have someone come see it. And after a week he got a letter back from a man named Wadsley who said the photographs were very ingenious and why didn't he try them on *Life* ? And he added jokingly that there were enough unexploded myths in biology to keep the scientists busy without trying to reinstate any old ones.

So John got his father to lend him the car and took the unicorn and drove down to New York. He got down into the city all right but when he turned off the express highway to go over to the Museum people on the street began to notice the unicorn. And at last waiting for a red light on Broadway such a big crowd gathered that he couldn't go on. And a cop pushed through and shouted Move on move on ! You 're blocking traffic.

Sure I 'll move on said John if these people 'll get out of the way. But then the cop saw the unicorn and he said You can't keep goats in the city. This isn't a goat said John it 's a unicorn. Looks like a goat to me said the cop. Now don't argue or I 'll run you in. And he made John turn around and go back to the highway.

Well John tried twice again to cut across to the Museum but he couldn't make the unicorn get down out of sight and both times crowds hemmed in the car and cops threatened to arrest him. So he gave up and drove back to Essex. He was almost home when going through South Wortlebury he saw Miss Dent's car parked in front of a drug-store and Miss Dent and a friend of hers named Roger Duane were just getting into it. So he pulled up beside it and said Hello a little crossly for Miss Dent had often told him that Roger was less than nothing to her. Hello said Roger and Miss Dent also said Hello but not in a very nice voice. But before they could say any more a lot of people came running up to look at the unicorn. Come on Roger let 's get out of here said Miss Dent. But before they could back up out of the crowd the village policeman came up and said to John Hey where 's your licence ? What licence ? said John and the policeman said You can't exhibit freaks or run sideshows in this town without a permit. O heck I 'm not exhibiting anything said John I just stopped to speak to some friends. Where are they ? said the policeman and John shouted to Miss Dent and Roger but they had edged the car out of the crowd now and pretended they didn't know him and drove away. So the policeman took John off to see the Justice of the Peace. Well the Justice of the Peace was a Judge Wiggins who knew Mr. Rider and so he let John off with a caution. He wouldn't even go to out look at the unicorn because he said he 'd seen the Dionne quintuplets and a two-headed calf and a lot of other freaks and life held no more surprises for him and if it did he was too old to adjust himself to them. So John went home.

So John gave up trying to make people believe in the unicorn after that and he didn't keep it in the garage any more either but built a little hut for it up in the woods back of the house. And he 'd go up there and take it things to eat and sit with it and take it on walks. He didn't see any of his old friends any more because although they had stopped kidding him they acted uncomfortable when he was around, and he didn't like to go to the village because people looked at him queerly. And one evening after dinner his father took him into the library and said John I suppose you know that the time is about here when you 've got to make a decision.

If you mean all this pressure that 's being put on me to make me get rid of the unicorn said John well I don't know what business it is of anybody else's. To argue that would take us into platitudes said Mr. Rider and I once told you how I felt about that. Also I have some idea of why you don't want to get rid of the unicorn and that is something I am not capable of arguing with you. I want merely to point out that the pressure you feel is that of the known against the unknown—the tried against the untried. And there is no stronger pressure in the world. It is not unknown and untried to me said John. I realise that said Mr. Rider. If nobody else in the world but me could swim said John would you think I ought to give up swimming if I liked it ? How can I answer you ? said his father I can't swim.

Well neither of them said anything for a few minutes and then Mr. Rider said You 'll be going back to college in a few weeks. You have a good many friends there. You have a good many here for that matter he added and then he got up. Well he said that 's all.

So the next morning John went up to the unicorn's hut and tore it down while the creature lay among the ferns and watched him. When he had about half finished the job John stopped and said angrily to it If you 'd only act a little sorry—or upset— or something—— But the unicorn merely blinked its green inhuman eyes at him and after a minute John went on working.

When the hut was demolished John went up the hill through the trees and the unicorn followed him. They came out after a while on the spot from which he and his father had once looked down on their home. John sat there with the unicorn beside him and looked out over the familiar landscape with the river winding through it and the white house on its knoll in the middle distance. He knew he would never see it just like that again. When he looked at these things now there would be recognition only—never again would there be discovery. Never again would there be wonder.

Well what of it ! said John suddenly and he looked angrily at the unicorn. I 've missed a lot of fun this summer. And anyway I like people to be friendly. But the unicorn just looked a little bored so John lay down in the warm grass and began thinking about some of the fun he had missed and he was feeling quite sorry for himself when he heard a little rustle. He sat up. The unicorn was walking away. It didn't turn around. It just walked up over the hill among the trees and disappeared.

And after a while John got up and went home. [THE END.

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